

FINIS.

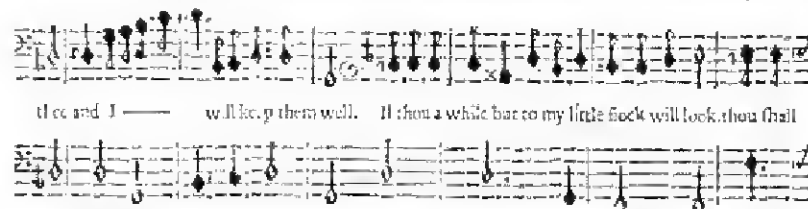


The Second Booke,

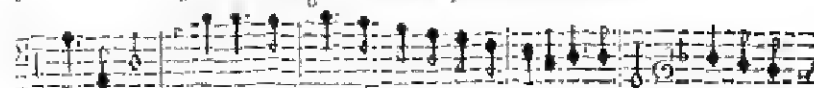
Containing

PASTORALL DIALOGUES

For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.



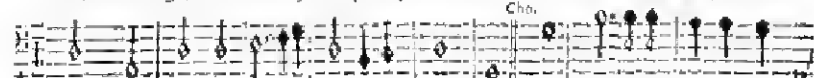
A 2



I requite, to kisse thy lips and Ro-se lip is one-ly my desire. Take then a



kisse, and let me go, till I returne, by eare upon my floock below. Sweet sweet is that kisse, that doth



Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth

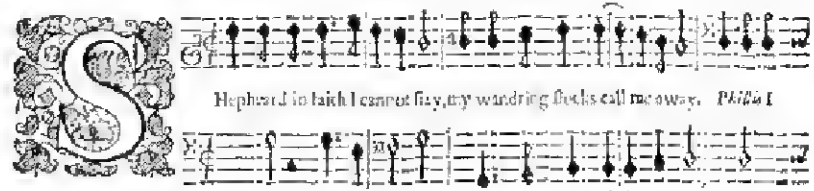


with me and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe requite.



with me and just desire, as much a nother give, as to it selfe requite.

Mr. Nich. Lanara.



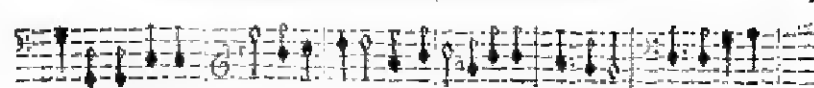
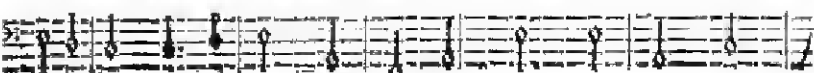
Shepherd to saich I cannot say, my wandring floock call me away. Phillis I



swear since I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips, I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by



force constrain. Where inspiration faine oaths must obtain. I prether Stephen leave me. Dear Phillis



leave to content me. Nay, then I let my than I fer, I must my selfe defend. Vaine is all de-



fence and art. Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,



Since I have thee e're I part, I'll



I'll sweeter thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips, a thousand such as this is.



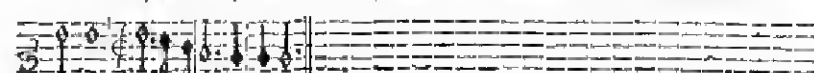
sweeter thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, such as this is.



Thus Stephen bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her



Thus Stephen bold layd downe his lovely Phillis. And kist her breathlesse, and kist her

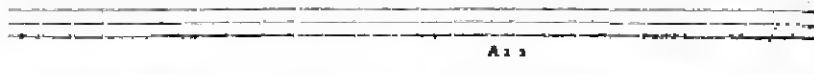
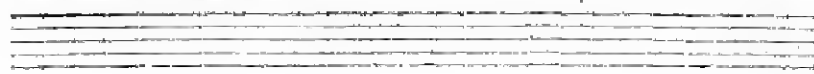


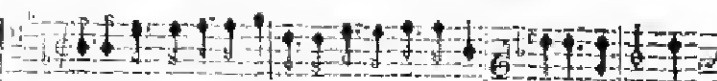
breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.



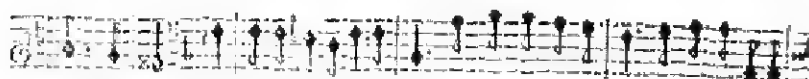
breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.

Mr. Nich. Lanara.

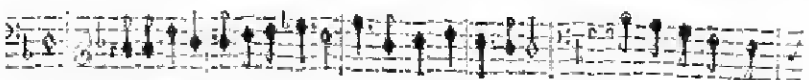




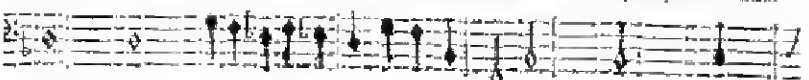
One my *Dayne*, come away, we do wait the christall day. 'Tis *Stephen* calls, what



would my love? Come follow to the Mirde Grave, where *Fenn* that prepare new chaplets for thy



hairs. Were I flut up within a tree, I'd send my bark to follow thee. My Shepherds make



haste, the minutes sad. In those cooler shades, will I blind as Cypri kiss your eye.



In thy bosome then I'll stay, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



leave this world behinde, and gods themselves that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such



joyes when they embrace a Di-o-ry.

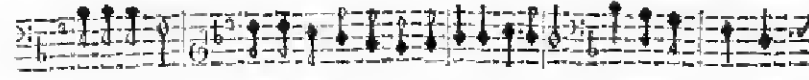
Mr. William Lamer.



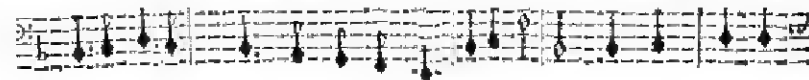
joyes when they embrace a Di-o-ry.



O shee, fond swaine, I cannot leave. I prethee faire one, tell me why



thou art so cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy sheepe whilst



thou shalt play. Delight shall make each Month a *May*. Those pleasant are unthristy heures.

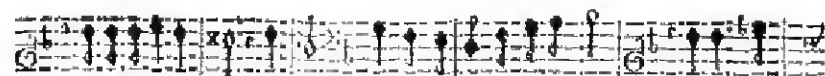


Then shalt have the choicest flowers, wax and Honey, milke & woole, of ripest fruits thy belly full.

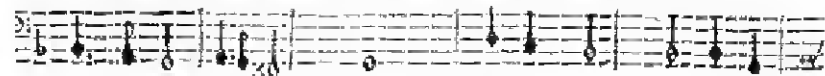


My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not so, but let them undisturb'd go. *vers. fol.*

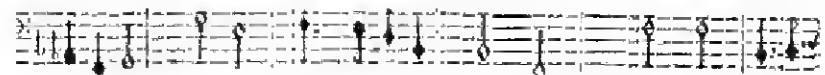




I can afford no more. Alas! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



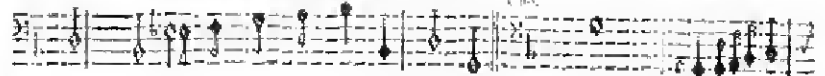
grow a kiffe. Our blisses shall not be encrease, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



Chor.



fil. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



Then draw we



our flocks up hither, that we may pitch. That we may pitch our flocks together.



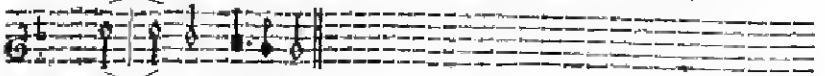
both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch, that we may pitch our flocks together.



A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-lesse as our sheepe, our selves as



A midst our chaste imbraces, meet Our selves as blamelesse as our sheepe.



blame-lesse as our sheepe.

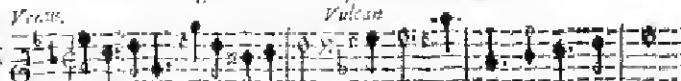


Our selves as blamelesse as our sheepe.

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smuggler.

Voice.

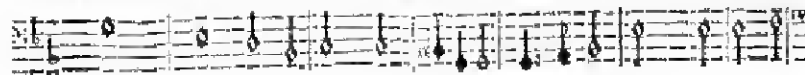
Vulcan



Ulean, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love! Who calls? who names me here amongst flames



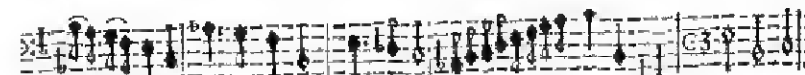
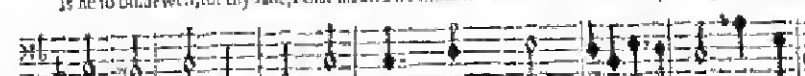
Sweet, hear my plaint, for sorrow sake. The feroce power who dares displease? Alas, for-



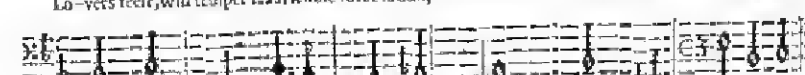
I am Capite, my waward for both flocks Loves full decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-ty.



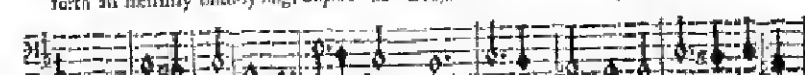
Is he so biddwell, for thy sake, that his arrows heads have us'd to make of piercing Steele which



Lo-vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead, so that hence



forth all men may blith-ly sing, Capite no God, his bow a — Toy, his shaft no



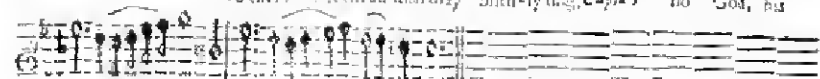
Bb 2

Cho. *Vnu.*

fearefull thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his

Cho. *2d.*

So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his

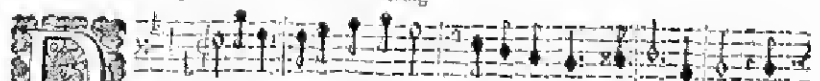


howe a roys his flocke is not a tall thing.

Mr. William Lawes.



be w a roys his flocke is not a tall thing.

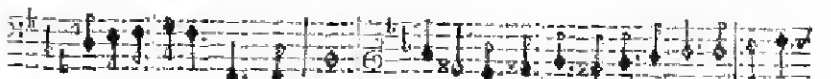
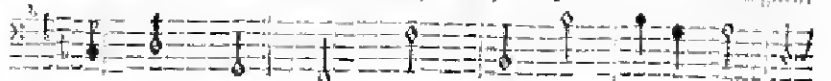


D

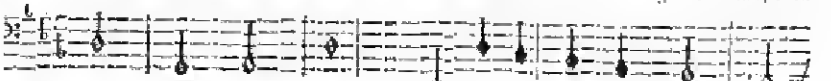
Er *Silvia*, let thy *Tier* know, what 'tis that makes those tears n'flow Are



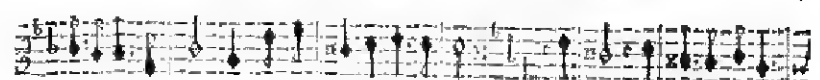
the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly, gone astray? Are *Ch* flowers more lush & green?



Or is some other Nymph made Queen? This *fa*, dost thou think that I can grieve for this, when



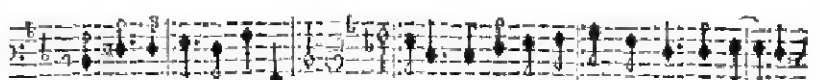
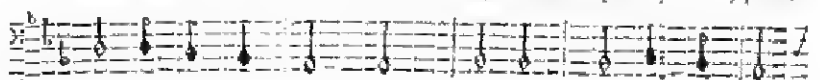
thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but



Cordons, and weare none but his Garlands on my haire. Why to? Why to my *Silvia*?



Will he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st sleepe? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise,

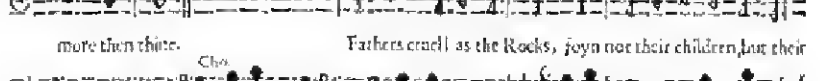


when charmed with his round delights? No *Tier*, I my flocks will joyne with his, 'cause they are

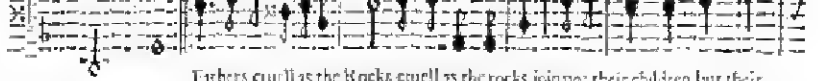


more then thine.

Cho.



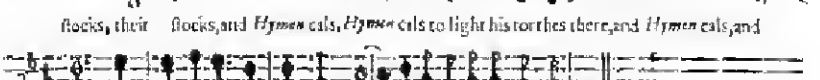
Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their



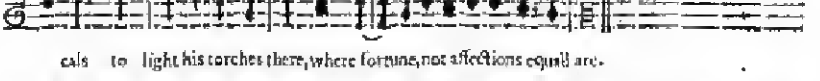
Rocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and



calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.



Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.



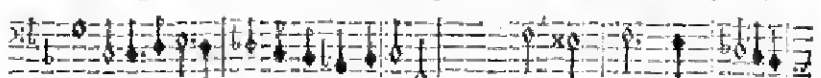
Hyfa. Kind Swain come near, & lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad friend, forsaken



Damon's. Poor wretch I come, but wherefore in this plight: thine eyes are red, thy griefs are



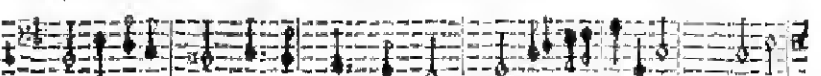
fuel — being, tell them *Excess*'s hell: one'd by telling Take then the cause of all my woes,



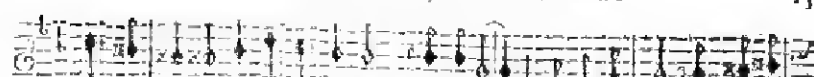
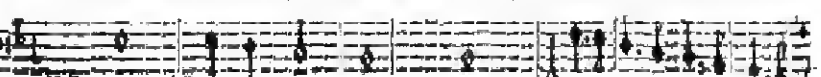
Philo is gone. Why, let her goe, 'tis but with other Nymphs & Swains, to sport upon the



Neighb'ring Plains, she'll come againe, be't but to find the heart with thee she left behind. Alas,



She's taken mine; her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though I with such devotion



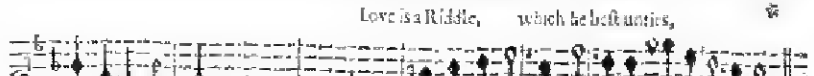
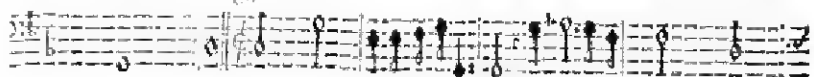
ought her Love, as to Great *Pan* I could, whilst my pale look and fester'd flesh shew'd I, nor



thoughts, nor flocks could keepe. Chaire up and lightly by her side. He never



lov'd, that could I huges. Love is a Riddle, which he best unites, whose reason's not be-

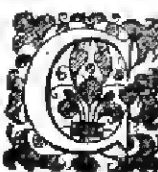


tray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes:



whof reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whof reason's not betrayed, betrayed by his eyes.

Mr. William Caxton, alias Smirgill.

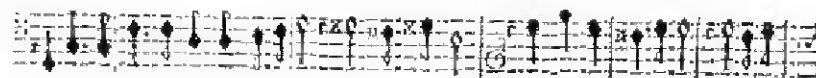


Harmon. O gentle *Charon*, let me weep thee with tears, & pity now to come un-



to me. What voyce so sweet and charming do I hear? say what thou art? I pray thee first draw near.





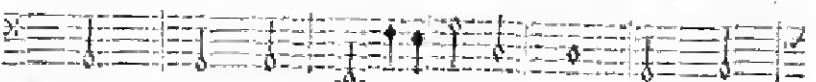
A found I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak what thou art? O *Chorus*, pity me! I am a



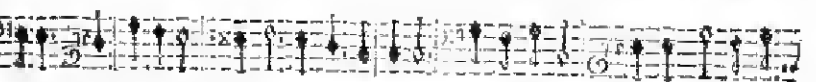
shade, & though no name I tell my name, and voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I



wife, nor son, nor love, but only a bird, that sings but only in a faint voice. Alas for me! Shame on thy



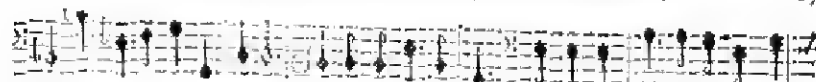
warbling note, that made me lay to my fall, & bring my brain, but the return: what mischief brought thee



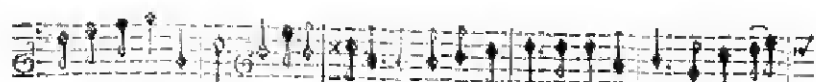
hither? A dale of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now be-



neath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of



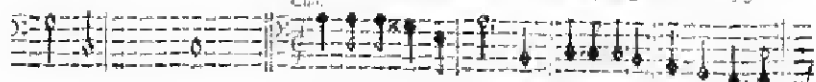
love, all pay, but no son's pay me. He give thee light & tears. Can tears pay Griefs for patching Gills,



ascending heart or ours? He sing a penny, or He sing to sing, till thou shalt say I have paid thee



in a Song. Why then begin. And all the while we make our sorrowfull passage o'er the Stygian



And all the while we make our sorrowfull passage o'er the Stygian



Like, thou & He sing, thou & He sing, to make these dull shades merry;



Like, thou & He sing, thou & He sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

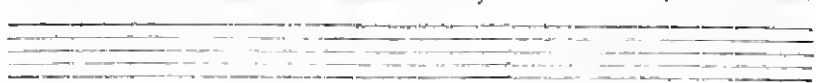


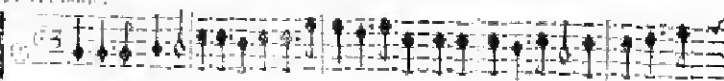
who else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.



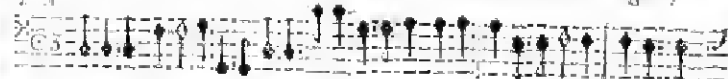
else with tears, will doubtless drown our Ferry.

Mr. William Lawes.





On belje gella dese creanza leroca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



Un el segella dese creanza le co-ra-se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



prima de li-ber-di-ti e — de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



prima de li-ber-di-ti e — de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



ta-te e Jo-re del core senfa creanza da mo-re che piache cheta-ce e Jo-re del core



ta-te e Jo-re del core senfa creanza da mo-re che piache cheta-ce e Jo-re del core



senfa — creanza da mo-re.



senfa — creanza da mo-re.



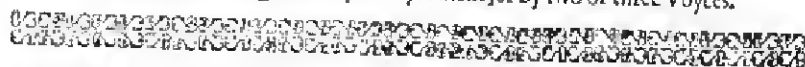
FINIS.

The Third Booke,

Containing

Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces :

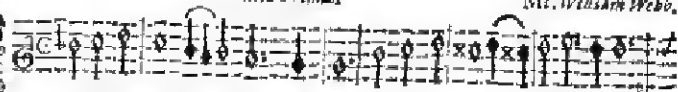
Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.



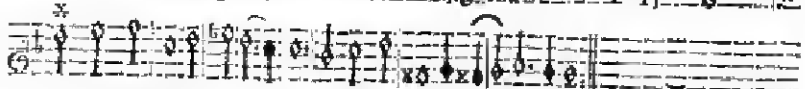
a. 3. Voc.

Canto Primus.

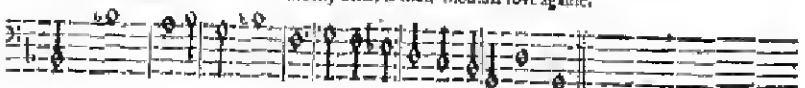
Mr. William Webb.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

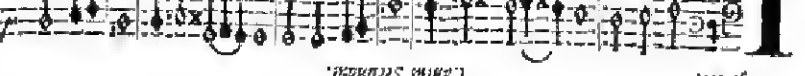
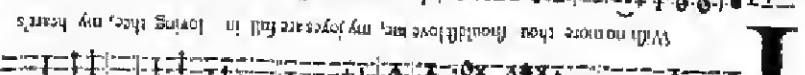
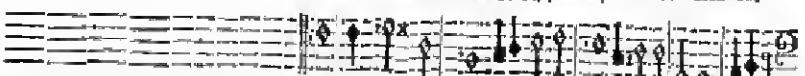


my heart's too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe,



Mr. William Webb.

too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.

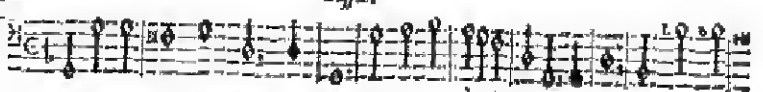


Canto Secundus.

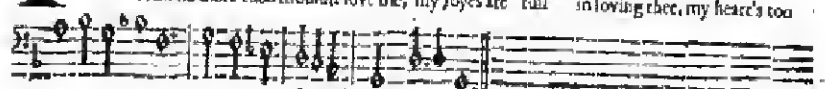
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's too



narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.

Ec

Mr. William Webb.